A proper new
boke of the Armony of Byrdes

Whan Dame Flora
In die aurora
Had couerd ye medowes with (flowers
And all the fylde
Was ouer dystylde
With lusty Aprell showers.

¶ For my dispoyte
Me to conforte
When the day began to spring,
Forth I went
With a good intent
To here the Byrdes syng.

¶ I was not past
Not a stones cast
So nygh as I could deme
But I dyd se
A goodly tree
Within an herbor greme.

¶ Wheron dyd lyght
Byrdes as thycke
As sterres in the skye
Praisyng our lorde
Without discorde
With goodly armony.

¶ The Popyngay
Than fyrst dyd say
Hoc didicit per me
Emperour and kyng
Thont lettyng
Discite semper a me.

Therfore wyll I
The name magnify
Of God aboue all names
And fyrst begyn
In praisyng to him
This song. Te deū laudamus.

¶ Then sang the Auys
Called the Mauys
The trebble in ellamy

That from the ground
Her notes round
Were herde into the skye

Than all the rest
At her request
Both Meane, Balle, & Tenur
With her dyd respond
This glorious song
Te dominum confitemur.

The Partryge sayd
It may not be denayd
But that I vse my bath
In flood and land
In erth and sand
In hygh way and in path.

Than with the erth
Wyll I make merth
Accordyng to my nature
She tuned then
Te eternum patrem
Omnis terra veneratur.

¶ Than sayd the Pecocke
All ye well wot
I syng not musycall
For my brest is decayd
yet I bane he sayd
Fethers Angelicall

¶ He sang Tibi
Omnes angeli
Tibi celi he dyd reherse
& vniuersi
otestates on hye
And so concluded the verse,

¶ Than sayd the Nightyngale
To make shorte tale
For wordes I do refuse
Because my delyght
Both day and nyght
Is syngyng for to vse.

¶ Tibi Cherubin
Et Seraphin
Full goodly she dyd chaunt

With notes merely
In cellabile
Voce proclamant

¶ Than sang the Thrulthe
Sanctus Sanctus
Sanctus with a solempne note
In latyn thus
Dominus deus
In Hebrew Sabaoth.

¶ Than sayd the Larke
Bycause my parte
Is vpward to ascend
And downe to rebound
Toward the ground
Singyng to discend.

¶ Than after my wunt
Pleni sunt
Celi et terra quod she
Shall be my song
On brieke and long
Maiestatis gloric tue

¶ The Cocke hyd lay
I vse alway
To crow both lyst and last
Lyke a Postle I am
For I preche to man
And tell him the nyght is past.

¶ I bring new tidynges
That the kyng of all kynges
In tactu prosudit chorus
han sang he melodius
e gloriosus
Apostolorum chorus

¶ Than sayd the Pye
I do prophecye
Than may I well syng thus
Sub umbra alarum
Te prophetarum
Laudabilis numerus.

¶ Than the byrdes all
Domestical
All at once dyd crye

For mankyndes sake
Both erly and late
We be all redy to dye

Te martyrum
Both hall and lum
They sang melliffluus
Candidatus so bright
One god of myght
Laudat exercitus.

Than the Red brest
His tunes redrest
And sayd now wyll I holde
With the churche for there
Out of the ayere
I kepe me from the colde

Te per orbem terrarum
In vsum sarum
We sange cum gloria
Sancta was nexte
And than the hole texte
Confitetur ecclesia

Then the Egle shake
[illegible] my estate
That I am lorde and kyng
Therfore wyll I
To the father only
Gyue luade and prayseyng.

He toke his flyght
To the sonnes lyght
Oculis aure verberatis
atrem he sang
hat all the wood rang
Inimense maiestatis,

Than sayd the Phenix
There is none such
As I, but I alone
For the father I proue
Reygnyng aboue
Hath no mo sonnes but one

With tunes mylde
I sang that chylde
Memerandum verum

And his name dyd rehers-
In the ende of the verse
Et vnicum filium

Than sayd the Doue
Scripture doth proue
That from the Deite
The holy spiright
On Christ dyd lyght
In lykenesse of me

¶ And syth the spiright
From heuen bright
Lyke vnto me dyd come
I wyll syng quod she
Sanctum quoq;
Paracletum spiritum

Than all in one voyce
They dyd all reioyce
Omnes vos iste
Chaungyng their key
From vt to rey
Et tu rex glorie Christe

¶ Thus layd the wren
I am called the hen
Of our lady most cumly
Than of her sun
My notes shall run
For the love of that lady

¶ By tytle and ryght
The son of myght
She dyd hym well dyleus
Tu patris syngyng
Oit out any endyng
Sempiternus es kilius

¶ The Tytle trew
with notes new
The lady of chastyte
Of a vyrgins wombe
was all her songe
And of mānes lybertye

¶ Tu ad liberandum
Et saluandum
Homīem perditum

Non horruisti
Sed eligisti
Uirginis uterum

¶ Than sayd the Pellycane
whan my byrdts be slayne
with my bloude I them reuyu
Scrypture doth record
The same dyd our lord
And rose from deth to lyue.

¶ She sange Tu deuicto
Mortis aculeo
Ut dominus dominorum
Tu ascendisti
Et apparuisti
Credentibus regna celorum.

☞ The Olyll dyd pricke
Her uotes all thycke
with blacke pike and with red
And in lyke facyon
With Christ in his passyon
Frō the fote to the crown of ꝑ hed.

☞ But now he doth raygne
With his father agayne
In dextera maiestatis
Than sang she with ioye
Tu ad dexteram dei
Sedes in gloria patris

¶ The Swalowes syng swete
To man we be mete
For with him we do buylde
Lyke as from above
God for mannes loue
Was borne of a mayden mylde

☞ We come and go
As Christ shall do
To iudge both great and small
They sang for this
Iudex crederis
Esse venturus all.

¶ Than in prostracion
They made oration
To christ that died vpō the rood

To haue mercy on thoſe
For whom he choſe
To ſhed his precious blood

℣ Te ergo quesumus
We pray the Jeſus
famulos tuos ſubueni
Ab omni doloſo
Quos precioſo
Sanguine redemiſti.

℣ The Hawkes dyd ſyng
Their belles dyd ryng
Thei ſaid they came frō the towr
We hold with the kyng
And wyll for him fyng
To God, day, nyght & hower,

℣ The Sparrowes dyd tell
That Chriſt in his Goſpell
A texte of theym dyd purpoſe
Suis heredibus
Multis paſtoribus
Meliores eſtis vos.

¶ They fell downe flat
With Saluum fac
Populum tuum domine
In heuen to sit
Et benedic
Hereditate tue

¶ Than all dyd respond
Lorde, helpe at hond
Ne cadant ad internum
Et rege eos
Et extolle illos
Usq; ineternum.

¶ They toke their flyght
Prayeng for the tyght
And thus their prayer began
Pater noster qui es
Per singulos dies
Benedicimus te, god and man

¶ Et laudamus
Et glorioſus
Nomen tuum so hye

In seculum here
In this militant quere
Et in seculum seculi.

☞ They dyd begyn
To pray that syn
Shuld clene from vs exire
Dignare domine
Die isto sine
Peccato nos custodire.

☞ With supplication
They made intercessyon
And sang, Miserere nostri
Reherspng this texte
In englyth nexte
Lorde on vs haue mercy.

☞ Than dyd they prepare
Away for tokare
And all at once arose
Singyng in Ara
Fiat misericordia tua
Domine super nos.

¶ With tunes renude
They dyd conclude
When they away shuld flye
To syng all and sum
Quemadmodum
Speravimus in te.

¶ Than dyd I go
Where I came fro
And euer I dyd pretend
Not to tary long
But of this song
To make a fynall ende

Ay I sayd In te domine
Speravi cotidie
That I fall not in infernum
And than with thy grace
After this place
Non confunder in eternum,
finis,

¶ Imprinted at Londō by Johñ
Wyght dwellig in Poules church
yarde at the sygne of the Rose.